

High Tension by orphan_account

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Summary:

Steve Harrington is stressed, and it seems that nothing is going to make it better. That is until he makes a trip up to the school roof.

1. Chapter 1

High tension

The locker room was hot and humid just like it always was after gym. The showers had been running for almost an hour. Honestly the room felt dirty. Steve Harrington straddles a bench in the damp, dim room. The other boys and long left for lunch but Steve was not in the mood to put anything in his stomach. He had waited to be alone so he could think. He held his gym shirt in one hand and stared off into space. The shirt was soaked in his own sweat. Steve couldn't understand it. He had worked so hard, he stayed after school for hours shooting basket after basket. He put the ancient hoop above his garage through hell. He practised late into the night until his neighbors complained to his parents about his incessant dribbling keeping them up past one o'clock in the morning. He did everything he could think of but he still couldn't beat him. No Steve could barely keep up with him. Billy Hargrove was a demon on the court, even if it was just some stupid gym match that meant nothing but a grade. Billy would not hold anything back on Steve, and that made Steve hate him all the more.

With a frustrated sigh Steve stuffed his sweat soaked shirt into his gym bag and headed for the locker room doors. Steve shoved the door open a little to harshly and the door banged into the wall.

“ Mr. Harrington, please don't slam doors” Said his coach who stuck his head out of his office upon hearing the noise, looking less than pleased “ I already have a headache.”

“ Sorry coach” Steve muttered hoping he didn't sound as irritated as he felt.

Without another word the man slipped back into his office and Steve slipped out into the noisy hallway.

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Steve managed to tune everything out as he made his way to his

locker. Steve was feeling overwhelmed . His face was hot his skin felt tight and he just wanted to leave. But he had a presentation next period and test during the last period. Steve frowned inwardly as he remembered the conversation between him and his parents about getting his grades up, if he didn't they would take his car away and his mom would drop him off and pick him up. Steve shuddered at the thought. No, skipping was out of the question. As he rounded the corner he saw something that did not help his stormy mood in the slightest. Nancy and Jonathan. Together. Like, together together. Nancy had her back against the lockers and Jonathan was directly in front of her. Not a whisper of space between them. Nancy had her arms circled around his neck like a girlfriend necklace, and they were rubbing their noses together. Like some kind of RomCom. Gross. Steve made a b-line for his locker and twisted the combination. Steve was well aware of their romance. Hell, Nancy had actually sat him down and asked him if he was okay with it. Like he was going to say he wasn't? Steve was okay with it. It was just weird. Only three months ago he had been in Jonathan's place. He had been wearing that exact girlfriend necklace. Then she broke his heart. But now their friends like nothing had even happened. Honestly though, those two fit pretty well together Steve would often find himself thinking when they would hold hands and walk out to Jonathan's car to go pick up their younger brothers from school. So ya, he was fine with it. It just hurt sometimes.

The bell rang dragging Steve away from his thoughts. He grabbed his books from his locker and stuffed his bag inside. Then he was off for a rather uneasy afternoon.

When the final bell rang, Steve's anxiety was coursing hot through his veins. He needed a distraction fast. He made a quick stop at his locker grabbing his things. Then he stumbled into the boys locker room. It was Friday so there would be no after school activity's meaning the gym would be empty. Steve changed into the least disgusting shirt in his bag then shorts. He grabbed his stuff and threw it in into his gym locker, before swiping a ball from his coaches office so he wouldn't have to ask to go into the equipment room. Then he was on the court and he turned of his brain.

## 2. Chapter 2

### Chapter 2

Dribble, Dribble shoot. Dribble, Dribble shoot. Steve continued this pattern until he was once again soaked in sweat. Steve then stumbled into the showers and hosed himself off. He got dressed grabbed his stuff and left the locker room. After leaving ,Steve felt claustrophobic. So instead of leaving the school he turned on his heel and took the stairs two at a time to the roof. Why the school leaves the door unlocked Steve didn't know but he was very grateful they did. Steve threw the door open and let the cold early winter air hit his face. His lungs feeling better now, he was about to turn and leave when a gruff condescending voice made him stop dead.

“ Holy shit Harrington you look like ass. No really who did you murder?”

Steve looked out onto the roof only to spot Billy Hargrove, of all people laying on his back, close to the edge, smoking and staring at him. Don't ask him why, he will never be able to tell you, but Steve made his way over to Billy and sat down near his head.

“ I didn't murder anyone Hargrove.”

“ Coulda fooled me.”

“ Ya well im not really” Steve said trailing off, He then ran a hand over his face and let out a frustrated growl. “ Fuck.”

Billy sat up to face him. Steve looked him in the eyes expecting annoyance but saw only understanding.

“ Ya I feel that man”, He said with a bitter laugh.

Then he held out his cigarette.

“ Here.”

Only the cigarette wasn't a cigarette and all. It was a joint.

“ Oh” Steve said recoiling “ I don't.”

“ Trust me pretty boy” Billy said with an easy, genuine smile “ It will help.”

Steve frowned at the returning nickname but took the paper tube anyways. Their fingers brushed as the joint was passed, and despite the cold Billy's hand was warm. Steve had never smoked weed in his entire life, but he'd been to plenty of party's. So he put the tube to his lips. A vague thought passed through his head as he inhaled the smoke. Billy's mouth was on this too. Steve tried his best not to cough and luckily succeed. That wasn't that bad he thought as he exhaled watching the smoke leave his lips. Then he looked over at the other boy who was also watching his mouth. Interesting. Since Billy was watching him, instead of handing the joint back, Steve took another drag. Then another. Before he could take another, Billy leaned over and plucked the tube from Steve's fingers.

“Careful” Billy said gently, then took a few drags himself.

They passed the joint back and forth until it was gone. Steve felt breezy and happy and good. There was a comfortable silence. Steve laid back letting himself stretch out on the roof. He found himself watching his companion. He had definitely changed in ways. For one thing he was in anger management. Small town. Word travels fast. He also ditched quite a bit of his old denim only wardrobe. His hair was still long but nowadays it was neat and soft looking. Well taken care of. Steve sighed.

Billy looked at him “ Feel better?”

“Ya, I do. “

“ Good.”

Half an hour goes by. The boys are coming down off their high. They chat good naturedly about things, mostly basketball. How back in California, Billy would wake up at 4:30 every morning, jog four blocks to a public court and do drills with himself until he hurt all over just because he liked basketball. That explains it. He's good because he worked hard to make himself good. And that made Steve like him even more.

Silence

Another minute goes by.

“ Hey, pretty boy?”

“ Hmmm?”

“ Do you remember a few months ago, when I beat the shit outta you?”

Steve chuckled “ Yup, sure do.”

“Well” he pauses “ I'm sorry, I know that doesnt cut but that was really shitty of me.”

“ Hey, it's okay.”

Billy stands up abruptly and starts pacing in circles. “No it's not, but i've really been trying. I-I want to try. Especially with Max. She didn't deserve any of that shit or her friends. So like, some nights when she wants to hang out with them I take her turn with dishes. Or help her with homework. I know it's going to take some time but I think we are fixing what I broke. Honestly i'm just happy she's giving me a chance”

Silence

Finally Steve finds the right words. He stands up but stays in place as to not provoke Billy into leaving.

“ Look,I get it. It's hard to come back from your old reputation, but it is possible.”

“I dont know.”

“No really, I mean look at me, before like before you came here from California, I was quite the player.”

Billy smiled“ No way!”

“ Seriously, and just look at me now.”

Then his smile flipped “ Ah yes, and now you're laying on a cold roof smoking weed with some guy you don't even like. Feels like i'm dragging back down the playboy path.”

Steve shakes his head “ Billy, stop. Look I like you. Okay? Like I do. I saw a different side of you today. A good one. I liked it. Oh and about the weed, I didn't have to take it if I really didn't want it. Right? So stop worrying.”

Just then Steve saw Billy swipe at his eyes, and his heart melted. Steve moves to stand beside him. He wrapped an arm around the boy's shoulders just as the last of his tears dried on his face.

“ It's going to be okay, I promise.”

“ I know, it just sucks.”

Steve could feel every single one of Billy's movements since he had him pinned to his side. He could feel him breathing, swallowing, shifting and he could feel Billy's heartbeat. Steve concentrated on it of a few seconds. It was steady and resonating. It felt comforting.

Then suddenly.

“ By the way, I like you too pretty boy.”

Both boy`s turned to look at each other. Hearts hammering against rib cages. Eyes the size of dinner plates. Ears ringing. Faces red. Blood pumping

Steve looked at Billy's lips then licked his own.

Billy swooped in, seizing Steve`s jacket collar and planted a hard kiss on his waiting lips. Steve tensed but quickly relaxed as Billy made him come undone as their kissing became softer. Steve threaded his fingers through Billy's hair and pushed himself further into Billy`s body. Billy removed his hands from Steve`s jacket and hooked his fingers through Steve`s belt loops and tugged him even closer. Billy swept his tongue along Steve's bottom lip in question. Steve obliged. Billy`s tongue was hot and tasted slightly like weed, but Steve

couldn't care less. Honestly he felt dizzy. As if sensing this, Billy moved his hands to hold Steve firmly by the waist and slipped one hand under his shirt. Steve needed a better grip, so he locked his hands on the back of the other boy's neck. When Billy pulled away first, Steve's lips were numb, but he liked it. Billy had pulled away but didn't leave. Steve closed the unwelcomed gap between them by leaning his forehead against Billy`s.

“ Well” Steve said practically breathless “ That was.”

“ Hush pretty boy” Billy said softly and placed a gentle kiss on Steve`s cheek bone.

“ Hargrove?”

“ Ya Harrington?”

“ Was that real?”

“ You mean all that”

“ Ya all that”

“ Ya, I mean it was a bit weird, but it felt right. I`m not sorry”

“ Good, I don't want you to be”

Billy kissed his nose. Steve nuzzled into Billy`s neck. They held onto each other. This feels a bit like a RomCom Steve thought but a good one.

“ I like this “ Steve told the boy he was holding “ I want this.”

“ Me too pretty boy, I want this, I want you.” Billy sighed giving the other boy a squeeze.

“ Then have me.”

Billy smirked and kissed Steve again long and soft. Steve kissed Billy`s cheek after they had pulled away for air.

Then



“ Shit” Billy swore

“ What ?” Steve asked, panicked

“ Max. Im supposed to be picking her up from school. Its winter so she can't board home. Dammit” Billy turned to Steve with a soft smile

“ Can I walk you to your car?”

Steve laughed “ Absolutely”

The boys turned and headed for the door when Billy quirked an eyebrow at Steve.

“ Forgetting something?”

“ What?”

Billy gestured back to Steve's forgotten bags with a tilt of his head “ Your shit Harrington”.

“ Oh ya”.

Steve ran back to get it. When he returned to Billy's side he noticed Billy's outstretched hand and took it without question. God he wanted this.

The boys began walking down the hallway bantering easily and naturally on their way to the parking lot. Steve made an offhand comment about needing to wash his gym stuff.

Billy raised an eyebrow “ I make you sweat that much do I?”

“ Oh, that's not.”

Billy squeezed his hand “Relax I was only joking”. Then he leaned into Steve's ear “ All in due time pretty boy, i'll make you sweat for a different reason.”

Steve went red but squeezed Billy's hand back.

They reached the lot and had to separate to get to their vehicles. Steve pulled them together for a short kiss.

“ See you tomorrow then?” Steve asked

“ Yup, tomorrow.”

They let go and parted ways. Steve was unlocking his car when he heard gravel crunching and muffled rock music. Steve turns to see Billy`s greenish blue Camaro pull up beside him. Steve abandons his task to stick his head through the open window of the car.

Billy turns off his radio “ So I was just thinking, does that kiss make you, like my boyfriend?”

“ I really fucking hope so.”

“ Good” Billy says lighting a cigarette and planting a kiss on him.

Steve removes his head from the window “ Call you later.”

Billy gives him a mock salute Before turning out of the parking lot in the direction of Hawkins Middle school.

Steve gets in his own car and starts the engine. He turned on the radio and points his car toward home. Drumming on the steering wheel and humming along, Steve realizes that the tension he felt in his life has faded. It's not gone but now its not overwhelming. He feels better, and its all because of fuckin Billy Hargrove, the demon of the cort. Who knew?

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

Thank you so much for reading! This is my first fan fiction. Please leave constructive criticism but don`t make me cry.....